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THE STUDY OF MANKIND.*

This timely and important work, by a writer of unquestioned authority in the matters of which it treats, is intended as a stepping-stone to a body of modern learning which is growing daily in magnitude and in interest. The science of man in its broad sense is understood to embrace the comparative anatomy of races, their intellectual, moral, social, religious and industrial conditions, and the progressive development of modern conditions out of primitive conditions. The search for primitive conditions leads us into the field of archæology, both historic and prehistoric. The study of the evolution of modern conditions necessitates the discovery of the organic principles of sociology and religious life; and the special operation of these principles among the several varieties and conditions of mankind, united with the

structural characteristics of races, brings into requisition the whole of the well-recognized science of ethnology. Anthropology, in this broad and just and important sense, is a new science, constituted during the lifetime of the present generation.

It is this science which Mr. Tylor undertakes to pioneer into popular favor and acquaintanceship. His researches and writings for many years past have given him a masterly familiarity with the sociological, industrial and religious aspects of humanity in primitive conditions; and if he is not an equal master of ethnology and archæology, he is at least a fit person to offer the general reader this Introduction. The field of anthropology is vast, and the present work attempts little more than to guide the reader to its borders and point out its extent and attractiveness. A happy preliminary chapter affords a conspectus of the materials and methods of investigation. It directs attention to the familiar facts of racial, linguistic, and cultural differentiations, on which may be based well-known inferences concerning the laws of divergences, and the high antiquity from which they must have proceeded. The body of the work begins with a comparison between man and the lower animals in respect to bodily structure and psychic powers. Mr. Tylor is quite positive that the higher attributes of man are possessed in the germ by some of the orders beneath him, holding that even lower animals have the faculty of forming some of the simplest abstract conceptions. The chapter devoted to human races, while neither full nor original, is copiously illustrated by fresh and telling portraits which supply large deficiencies of text. Mankind are regarded as one species zoologically, and the races are

* ANTHROPOLOGY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MAN AND CIVILIZATION. By Edward B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

considered as different "breeds." The white race is the last differentiated. A black type once stretched from Africa to the Philippine Islands and New Guinea, and is still represented by Negroes, Mincopies, Aëtas, and Papuans. Man is thought to have appeared in the New World and the Old in a geological period earlier than the present, perhaps a time "when there was no ocean between" "the Mongols and the North American Indians."

Languages and their progressive differentiation are treated with considerable fulness of illustration, from the rude sign-and-gesture language of lower animals and children to articulate language and written signs or ideas and of speech. Imitative gestures are the natural language of the simplest human condition. The first vocal utterances are emotional and mostly inarticulate. The next stage of articulate speech is chiefly imitative, and hence very similar words occur in widely distinct languages. We employ the term articulate to denote the articulations or joints of a vocal round, effected by the alternation of vowels and consonants; though Mr. Tylor applies it, unadvisedly, we think, to the joints of a sentence. The author's view of sentence-building and its progressive development is intelligent and sound. As to the relation between language and race, he is wise in pronouncing it an uncertain criterion of ethnic distinctions. Generally, people of one ethnic stock speak one or more dialects of one original language; but manifestly some, by captivity, by neighborhood of a superior race, or by other causes, may be led to employ a language unknown to their ancestors. Yet affinity of languages must always be assumed as evidence, *prima facie*, of ethnic consanguinity. The linguistic stocks of the White race are mostly Aryan and Semitic. The Egyptian language, either by absorption or inheritance, possesses many Semitic elements. No success has been attained in the effort to trace Aryan and Semitic languages to an older parent tongue. The Tatar nations speak languages of a distinct family. The Chinese and Indo-Chinese show obvious kinship, though after a long process of differentiation. The Chinese and Siamese languages are far removed from a *primitive* condition. Though possessing monosyllabic and grammatical simplicity, this is rather the outcome of long at-

trition and disintegration than of a formative stage. The Akkadian tongue, spoken by the first settlers of Babylonia, "shows analogies which may connect it with the Tatar or Mongolian languages." We would suggest, however, that this does not show the primitive Babylonians to have been Mongoloids, since, as we believe, the Akkadian tongue was Hamitic, and acquired Tatar elements only through contact with subjugated aboriginal Mongoloids, who were the predecessors of the White race in all Western Asia. Another family of languages is the Dravidian, of India. The Polynesian Blacks, whether racially connected with African Negroes or not, speak languages which stand apart, and constitute a separate family. In South Africa the great body of Blacks speak Bantu languages, though the Mandingoes stand apart. The speech of the Hottentot-Bushman is also fundamentally distinct. In America, linguistic diversification has been carried to a great extent, and a number of distinct families must be recognized. All the languages of the world may be reduced, perhaps, to fifty or one hundred families. Little progress has yet been made in tracing these to one or several ancestral stocks. The author's account of the development of writing is brief, but admirably presented.

In approaching the subject of the arts of life, Mr. Tylor is on ground perfectly familiar to himself, and which he has made familiar to the reading public through previous volumes and numerous memoirs in the ethnological and anthropological journals. No man is able to speak with higher authority. It is not surprising that he has given his favorite and most familiar themes the amplest development in this volume. One unacquainted with the author's previous publications may find the gist of them in these chapters and the following. We find here, for instance, elementary statements of the evolution of many of the implements and mechanical combinations of civilized life, such as spears, axes and knives, wheel-carriages, mills and ploughs, methods of hunting, fishing, and war, dwellings, personal ornamentation and clothing, navigation, cookery, pottery, metal-working, money, and commerce. These subjects have been separately elaborated by the author, at adequate length, in the anthropological journals; and the reader is here furnished outlines and con-

clusions from investigations of new and striking interest. On the development of the arts of pleasure and the sciences the author has been equally happy and original.

One of the characteristic doctrines of the author, and one largely elucidated in his previous works, has been designated "animism," and this subject is treated with relative fullness in the present work, in the chapter entitled "The Spirit World." Mr. Tylor entertains the opinion that the idea of the soul is the foundation of all savage religions. Savages universally believe that the soul may exist and act independently of the body. The souls of the dead continue in existence, and frequent their former abodes, and possess some power over the fortunes of their surviving relatives. Souls, which are otherwise contemplated as spirits and demons, may be moved by good or by evil motives. They bring prosperity or sickness and misfortune. Men, therefore, begin to propitiate them. The souls of ancestors acquire higher and higher dignity, and are held in ever increasing reverence. The souls of great chiefs and warriors assume a divine character. Their names become the names of gods. Thus the Mongols worship as good deities the great Genghis Khan and his princely family. "The idea of the divine ancestor may even be carried far enough to reach supreme deity, as where the Zulus, working back from ghostly ancestor to ancestor, talk of Unkulunkulu, the Old-Old-One, as the creator of the world." This is the extreme development of animism. The theory is highly ingenious, and we have an enormous array of facts which admit of co-ordination under it. There is, we believe, much truth in the doctrine; but our own study of comparative religion leads to the conviction that the savage notion of a supreme being is not the outcome of any animistic tendency, but a gift incorporated in the constitution of the psychic nature of man. We are inclined to think that it is the initial rather than the final term in animistic progress. This intuitive notion of an invisible Supreme suggests the notion of invisible powers of lower orders. In man is an invisible and powerful entity; in the tree, in the sky, in the sun, are other powerful existences, all kindred with the spirit which sustains the universe, but inferior, and generally subordinated. Mr. Tylor argues that religious an-

thropomorphism confirms this doctrine of the evolution of gods from human souls. We think, on the contrary, that the barbaric notion of divine being and power is anthropomorphic; for the simple reason that "man is the measure of all things," and is compelled to think divinity in terms of humanity. Mr. Tylor travels over familiar ground in his concluding discussion on the beginning and development, significance and relations, of history and mythology, and on the organization of society.

We have no space for any fuller analysis of this work, for which the public are under great obligations to the author and the American publishers. It deserves high commendation. Its drawbacks are few and not serious. We do not think the author has given a justly proportionate development to the physical characteristics of races, and their relations to the regions which they inhabit. Ethnology is subordinate, and *man* is the central idea of the work. We can anticipate the justification of this mode of treatment; but we think *man*, attentively considered, leads our thoughts down to racial distinctions, race-origins, chorographic relations, and ethnic movements. We think, too, a treatise on anthropology might well give a fuller view of prehistoric archaeology, even to the omission of some of the copious illustrations of language-formation and the arts of life. The work aims to be elementary, and for this reason, undoubtedly, some matters were abbreviated, and others almost omitted; but it is hardly symmetrical. It seems ungracious to make even these exceptions to its excellence; but we must permit ourselves also to express discontent at the author's manifest effort, especially in the earlier chapters, to write in a very simple style. He has merely fallen into the use of expressions which are needlessly inelegant and ungraceful. Thus, in several places he speaks of "the lie of the land." Other objectionable expressions are "the un-English looking group of animals;" "man's being the tool-using animal;" "traces of the letters having been made;" "anyone who happens to have been up country in America." These errors of form, however, are venial, and we welcome to our literature, in this work, a contribution which is a substantial and creditable addition.

ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

TOM BROWN'S NEW RUGBY.*

It seems like a chapter out of old English life to read of a settlement under the auspices of a company in London, located in the Cumberland region, bearing the name of Rugby, and having a Tabard Inn with stairs guarded by a portion of the old balustrade that did service in the original Southwark hostelry five hundred years ago. All these things light up the little pioneer village in Eastern Tennessee with a gleam of historical association; and it is further made of special interest to Americans by the fact that Thomas Hughes, the "Old Boy" who was too modest to write his own name on the title-page of "Tom Brown's School Days," is its chief promoter.

This little book is published as "the best answer which the founders of Rugby, Tennessee, can at present make to the large and rapidly increasing number of questions which reach them from all parts of the United Kingdom about that settlement." It is divided into three parts, of which the first undertakes to explain the necessity of an outlet like this new Rugby for certain classes of young Englishmen who for one cause or another may wish to emigrate, and to give some idea of the kind of people who will be likely to find their heart's desire in the Cumberland plateau. They are the Will Wimbles of the England of to-day—the same fellows, greatly increased in numbers and somewhat recruited from the ranks of mechanics and tradespeople, who stood for the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley's friend Will in "those early Georgian days" of the "Spectator." They are the overplus of intelligent young men for whom there seems to be no proper occupation at home. "Of the many sad sights in our England," says Mr. Hughes, "there is none sadder than this, of first-rate human material going helplessly to waste, and in too many cases beginning to turn sour, and taint, instead of strengthening, the public life." The remedy, he thinks, is to return to the soil and to agricultural work, which these needy ones cannot do in England because land is too dear and "caste prejudice against manual labor is too strong." He goes on:

"What you have to do is to discover some place on the face of this broad planet where you may set to

work on the best conditions; where the old blunders have the smallest chance of repeating themselves; and those new ideas, that new spirit, which have done so much to make England impossible for you in these days, will have the best chance of free development. You want to get your chance, in short, in a place where what we have been calling the English public-school spirit—the spirit of hardness, of reticence, of scrupulousness in all money matters, of cordial fellowship—shall be recognized and prevail; so that in your new home you may feel that you are able to live up to your ideal, and are more or less helping, or at least are not jostling or hindering, your nearest neighbors on the right and left."

One is tempted to place alongside a few words that Benjamin Franklin wrote almost a hundred years ago, in the little tract called "Information to those who would remove to America," which was published at London in 1784:

"America is the land of labor, and by no means what the English call *Lubberland*, and the French *Pays de Cocagne*, where the streets are said to be paved with half-peck loaves, the houses tiled with pancakes, and where the fowls fly about ready roasted, crying, *Come, eat me*. * * * Persons of moderate fortunes and capitals, who, having a number of children to provide for, are desirous of bringing them up to industry, and of securing estates for their posterity, have opportunities of doing it in America, which Europe does not afford. There they may be taught and practice profitable mechanic arts, without incurring disgrace on that account; but on the contrary, acquiring respect by such abilities."

The most interesting portion of this volume is the second part, which is made up of the eight letters written by Mr. Hughes over the signature of "Vacuus Viator," and published in the London "Spectator" in the latter part of last year. Except the first, which was written on the author's arrival in New York, they all bear date in Tennessee. Many of them were reprinted in the newspapers of this country at the time of their appearance, and it was not long after the last one was mailed that Mr. Hughes, on his way homeward, was given the well-known reception here by the Chicago Literary Club. His letters recounting the days' experiences in and about the new Rugby read like the chronicles of some gigantic picnic, and in the charm and glamour of hopefulness remind one of nothing in literature so much as Morris Birkbeck's Letters concerning his English settlement in Illinois, which were published in 1817 and 1818. A good many people besides the settlers themselves will feel a twinge of disappointment if the little colony at Rugby, Tennessee, should

* RUGBY, TENNESSEE: being some account of the settlement founded on the Cumberland Plateau by the Board of Aid to Land Ownership. By Thomas Hughes, President of the Board. New York: Macmillan & Co.

come to naught as did the one founded at Wanborough, Illinois, more than sixty years ago, by a man who was worthy to be the predecessor of Thomas Hughes, and who gave to his settlement, which was within the present limits of Edwards county, the name of the hamlet he himself had held in Surrey, England. Since Birkbeck's experiment there has been no serious attempt to found a distinctively English settlement on a large scale within the United States, until this one which has established the new Rugby.

The third part of Mr. Hughes's book is made up of his address, as President of the Board of Aid to Land Ownership, delivered at the opening of the town-site of Rugby, October 5, 1880; "Latest Views," reprinted from the February number of "Macmillan's Magazine"; an address by Mr. Hughes, delivered in Big School, Rugby, England, at the request of Dr. Jex Blake, April 7, 1881; and a report on the soil and products of the region of the new Rugby, by Colonel Killebrew, who is described as Minister (instead of Commissioner) of Agriculture for the State of Tennessee. Under the head of "Cabbage" the Colonel gives this interesting bit of information: "Perhaps no vegetable is so universally eaten and largely consumed in the United States as cabbage. It forms a part of the daily food of nearly every family during the greatest part of the year." Bearing in mind the peculiarly indigestible qualities of the cabbage leaf, perhaps the Colonel does well to preserve a distinction between merely being "eaten" and being "consumed;" but the settlers of Rugby ought to be admonished that estimates of the cabbage-market based upon any such consumption as Colonel Killebrew indicates, will result in serious disappointment. His statistics are not good anywhere outside of Tennessee.

Mr. Hughes has placed at the end of his book a convenient "glossary" containing a list of the questions most frequently asked, with answers thereto.

New Rugby is nothing if not English, and so it has a "forester," who was bred in the old country, but who long ago became an American citizen, and after service with the Michigan Cavalry in the war went to Cumberland plateau, a few miles from the present site of Rugby, and made himself a farm. Among the settlers, now numbering 300 or so,

are a few men from the universities and several more from the great schools of Eton, Rugby, Harrow and Wellington. Such material is good for pioneer work if urged on by religious enthusiasm and the absolute necessity of success, as was the case in the settlement of New England, whose soil Colonel Killebrew is so fond of comparing with that of the Cumberland plateau; but whether in the absence of any single absorbing motive the new Rugby is to convert the table-land upon which it stands into "the garden of Tennessee," that General Jackson's prophesy may be fulfilled, or is to become another of those magnificent creations called castles in Spain, Mr. Hughes does not in his little book enable us to tell.

NORMAN C. PERKINS.

THE ODE IN ENGLISH POETRY.*

At least three things conspired to create a favorable expectation of this volume in advance of its appearance. In the first place it was issued as a number of the "Parchment Library," and this fact gave promise of a beautiful and antique exterior. Then again the work of editing it had been assigned to Mr. Gosse, whose work in the "English Poets" is excellently well done. Finally it was a selection of "English Odes," a term sufficiently broad and indefinite to give opportunity for the selection of a body of the best and most animated poems in the language. Certainly these three recommendations were sufficient to warrant some eagerness to see the work. But unfortunately a closer acquaintance was disappointing.

In regard to the exterior of this volume, the first glance settled the question. We put it in the balance with some American work of a similar character, and its scale-pan flew up. No comparison can be instituted between it and the two dainty little vellum volumes issued by the Riverside Press last winter; for they were admirable in every respect, while this is slovenly in binding and lacking in beauty of page.

The contents must be tried by a more leisurely method. Accordingly we took it along on several summer excursions, and found it up to the orthodox standard of books for summer reading in at least one respect—it

* ENGLISH ODES. Edited by Edmund W. Gosse. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

served well to induce day-dreams and naps. But in all seriousness, our glowing expectations were doomed to disappointment here also. With all due deference to Mr. Gosse, his introduction was found heavy and somewhat irrelevant. The esoteric references to varieties of the Greek ode which had entirely perished were not what we had a right to expect in a treatise on the English ode.

Of course, on looking over the selections which compose the body of the work, we desired to make changes. No critic, however competent, could arrange a series of typical collections from any branch of literature which another would be willing absolutely to accept. It would only be a commonplace, therefore, to say that poems are included in the volume which we wished were out, and others which are excluded we were disappointed at not finding. But making all due allowances for such differences in taste and preference, the collection is unsatisfactory. A broader ground ought to have been covered. The ode has acquired quite a reputation as an exalted and impassioned species of verse, but if the present collection is a fair representation of the best odes which the genius of England has produced, the reputation is not wholly deserved. Notwithstanding the presence of some very fine gems of song, the impression of the collection as a whole is one of dulness.

A glance at the author's definition of the ode will show that this is not altogether the secret of the failure in selection, for it is indefinite enough to cover a much wider range of verse than that to which he has chosen to apply it. Indeed, it would be pretty difficult to tell from anything in his definition just what Mr. Gosse understands by the term "ode." He says: "We take as an ode any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical composition, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." But he immediately adds that he will exclude the funeral ode, except in two instances — Dryden "On the Death of Mistress Anne Killegrew," and Tennyson "On the Death of the Duke of Wellington." He also has a spite against the marriage ode, one specimen only of which he admits — remarking very justly that it is "the most sublime that occurs in this or perhaps any language;" this is Spenser's beautiful "Epi-

thalamium" written to celebrate the poet's own marriage with the Elizabeth to whom his *amorette* had been addressed. Why this discrimination should be so prominently brought forward against poems on two subjects which meet every requirement of being "dignified," the author himself will have to explain. But if he admit any elegy at all he could certainly find many better ones than Dryden's. As to Tennyson's celebrated ode on the death of Wellington, it is almost too meditative to be classed with impassioned or enthusiastic lyrical composition, such as the ode is usually conceived to be. Perhaps it is no detriment in the case of the "Epithalamium" to have no competitor given. Nothing in English on the same subject compares with it in beauty, unless it be the American poet Brainard's little lyric of that name, which cannot be reckoned among exalted and sustained compositions.

There is a large class of poems which we had expected the volume to contain, "sweet and tuneful compositions termed odes by their writers," but which Mr. Gosse has excluded because "the Lydian so far outshriled the Dorian harmony." We protest. Horace wrote "odes" as truly as did Pindar. English poetry contains as beautiful poems of the Horatian species as of the Pindaric — we were on the point of saying more beautiful; for where, outside of the circle of a very few poems by Gray and Collins, will one find strictly Pindaric odes which anyone but the specialist and the antiquary will care to read? Then of the very large number of so-called "odes" which are neither imitated from the Greek nor the Latin in their cadences, but are adapted to impassioned utterance in the tongue of their birth, where shall we draw the limit, admitting this, excluding that? Why should not Burns's grand battle-hymn, "Scots wha hae," have a place with other poems of like character? We venture that no one will maintain that the theme is any less dignified or the treatment any less exalted than in Ben Jonson's "To Himself," or Congreve's "Mrs. Arabella Hunt Singing," or Rochester's "On Nothing," or Mervell's "Cromwell's Return," all of which do very well as exercises in poetic form, but make very dull poems. Or why should Prior's very undignified ode, written for a humorous purpose, "The Taking of Namur," be included?

The ode, it may be pointed out, flourished most in the formal period of English verse; since the romantic revival there have been fewer distinctive odes. But it should also be said that the ode existed as a protest against the formalism amid which it flourished. Many of our best odes were written at a time when the ten-syllabled rhymed couplet held such supreme sway in English literature that it took a brave man to venture on any ordinary poem with any other verse. It was then that the ode came to the rescue of the younger poets, and furnished them a relief. After the right of every author to choose his own form was fully established, the ode as a distinctive branch of verse died out.

One thing more and we are done. As we had expected, Mr. Gosse has inserted Shelley's beautiful "Ode to the West Wind," which also did service for Mr. Main in the "Treasury of English Sonnets." The coincidence recalls a bright little bit from Austin Dobson, which will perhaps apply to Shelley's case:

"I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet;
It began *à la mode*,
I intended an Ode,—
But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet;
I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet."

CLARENCE L. DEAN.

NERVOUS DISORDERS IN AMERICA.*

Thirty years ago Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was in the habit of delighting his lyceum audiences with a lecture in which he set forth the physical modifications experienced by that portion of the English race which had been transplanted to American soil. This idea has been taken up by Dr. George M. Beard, and has been amplified with special reference to the evolution of the nervous system of man under the influences peculiar to life in the northern United States of America. In his earlier writings on this subject Dr. Beard was inclined to maintain the proposition that the result of these conditions was the production of an exclusively American type of physical character, which he described as "American Nervousness." But a wider acquaintance with mankind has enlarged our author's view to a degree which allows him in

the present volume to admit that in the nervous disorders and tendencies which are rife in our society there is nothing national or peculiar to our locality. They are to be found all over the world, wherever the conditions of modern civilization are displacing the old order of life among men.

For the present generation, which remembers not the day of stage-coaches and sailing-ships, it is hard to realize the wonderful change that has come over the world. This is the age of steam and electricity. For thousands of years before the beginning of the present century our forefathers had been content to move along at the pace of a horse, and their wealth increased no faster than the winds and the waters would permit. To these conditions all things were adjusted, and there was very little deviation in any direction. The courier travelled no faster for Napoleon Bonaparte than for Julius Cæsar; the luxury of Mark Antony and of Cleopatra differed little from the revelry of Louis XV and the Pompadour. The food, the drink, the house-room of the peasant who rushed to arms in 1793 scarcely differed from the scanty supply with which the ancient Gallic serf was obliged to satisfy his wants. This long-continued stability of society had induced a corresponding physical stability in the human body. Strong muscles, large bones, small brains, insensitive nerves, were in demand, and Nature, as she always does, turned out the exact pattern for which there was need.

The present century has changed all this. Before you lay the pleasant prospect of lake and prairie, with Indian scouts and herds of buffalo slowly moving toward the West, while the stolid immigrant framed his log cabin, and the small boy fished in the clear waters of the little creek. But presently there is a cloud of steam in your eyes, and when it is blown away there is no more of log cabin or buffalo on the scene. It is a city of factories and churches and palaces that hides the earth from view; and a mighty fleet of sea-going ships stirs up the turbid water where silvery fish were wont to play. The Arcadian farmer who had been lulled to sleep by the hum of his wife's spinning-wheel is awakened by the shriek of the locomotive; his early breakfast is interrupted by an elegant gentleman from Liverpool, who desires to open negotiations for his corn; and from the depths of the

*AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS: ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

kitchen and the dairy comes a procession of daughters, unanimous in the demand for French bonnets and a Steinway Grand. Un-schooled in the arts of resistance, the good man falls before these assaults, and fills his life with worry and care. The good woman, his wife, who formerly presided a queen over a troop of rosy daughters and helpful hand-maids, now finds herself a helpless drudge, because the girls are "all off to the city" or the high-school. The "young ladies," too, now sigh over their embroidery with vain regret for the rustic admirers who were once so fond but now so shy. Hence a gradual hollowing of the cheek, a progressive accumulation of the chin, a steady attenuation of the Junoian bust, a melancholy multiplication of wrinkles. Hence new diseases, and increased prominence of certain varieties of disease—all the result of imperfect adjustment to the enormous change in the conditions of life which has been so suddenly effected. In other words, the incidents which constitute existence have been so greatly multiplied by the intervention of steam-power and electricity that without a corresponding increase in the power of grasping and correlating those incidents, the apparatus for their apprehension and coordination (the brain and nerves) must necessarily suffer from excessive and inappropriate use. The pretty little piece of machinery which suffices for a pleasure-boat on a pond would soon break down in the attempt to drive an ocean-steamer through a storm. So the people whose ancestry and constitution have fitted them for a calm and tranquil existence must necessarily experience more or less of fatigue, if not actual disease, of the nervous system when suddenly thrown among conditions which demand the highest activity of the most perfect organization. This sudden transition has been the fate of the majority of the present generation of Americans: hence the great variety and severity of nervous disorders among this class.

Fortunately, however, the plasticity of the human frame is equal to every emergency. The first result of the vastly increased demand for intellect is the production of a generation of beings in whom the nervous organization and the intellectual faculties are developed beyond all due proportion. Hence the extraordinary intelligence, vivacity, and nervousness of the American people. Hence their

superiority in certain particulars and their inferiority in others. Hence their brilliant precocity and their deficient "staying power." But here, again, Nature is equal to the emergency. We become adjusted to our new conditions of life, and each generation becomes better able to endure the hardships which they entail. The more complicated and numerous those conditions, the more complex and elaborate the organization needed to correspond with them. Hence the great superiority of the modern type of humanity in comparison with the past. Since the American continent seems to present the most varied field for human activity, it is the opinion of the philosopher that the American race will present the highest and most perfect type of humanity.

Such is the pleasing and by no means unreasonable conclusion to which Dr. Beard leads the reader of his very entertaining little book.
HENRY M. LYMAN.

THE POETRY OF AN ÆSTHETE.*

In that very engaging novel, "Mrs. Geofrey," there is a rich scene in which Mona, the heroine, visits for the first time a lady relative who has adopted with ardor the notions of the Æsthete school; and in it are some choice descriptions of the effect produced on the unsophisticated but clever young Irish girl by the fantastic things she sees and hears. The lady's chamber is furnished and arranged with a studied ugliness which to its mistress, Lady Lillias, is "simply perfection," and to Mona is a reminder of her peasant life.

"The floor is shining 'with sand, rushes having palled on Lady Lillias. Mona is quite pleased. All is new, which in itself is a pleasure to her, and the sanded floor carries her back on the instant to the old parlor at home, which was their 'best' at the Farm.

"'This is nicer than anything,' she says, turning in a state of childish enthusiasm to Lady Lillias. 'It's just like the floor in my uncle's house at home.'

"'Ah! Indeed! How interesting!' says Lady Lillias, rousing into something that very nearly borders on animation. 'I did not think there was in England another room like this.'

"'Nothing in England, perhaps. When I spoke I was thinking of Ireland,' says Mona.

"'Yes?' with calm surprise. 'I—I have heard of Ireland, of course. Indeed, I regard the older accounts of it as very deserving of thought; but I had no idea the more elevated aspirations of modern

* *POEMS.* By Oscar Wilde. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

times had spread so far. So this room reminds you of—your uncle's? * * * Your uncle, then?—looking at Mona—is beyond question an earnest student of our faith.

"A—student?" says Mona, in a degree puzzled.

"Yes. A disciple, a searcher after truth," goes on Lady Lillias, in her Noah's Ark tone. "By a student I mean one who studies and arrives at perfection—in time."

"I don't quite know," says Mona, slowly, "but what Uncle Brian principally studies is—pigs!"

"Pigs!" repeats Lady Lillias, plainly taken aback.

"Yes; pigs," says Mona, sweetly.

"Forgive me that I showed surprise. Your uncle is more advanced than I had supposed. He is right. Why should a pig be less lovely than a stag? Nature in its entirety can know no blemish. The fault lies with us. We are creatures of habit; we have chosen to regard the innocent pig as a type of ugliness for generations, and now find it difficult to see any beauty in it."

"Well, there isn't much, is there?" says Mona, pleasantly.

"No doubt education and a careful study of the animal in question might betray much to us," says Lady Lillias. "We object to the uncovered hide of the pig and to his small eyes; but can they not see as well as those of the fawn or the delicate lap-dog we fondle all day on our knees? It is unjust that one animal should be treated with less regard than another."

"But you couldn't fondle a pig on your knees," says Mona, who is growing every minute more and more mixed.

"No, no; but it should be treated with courtesy."

* * * Yes, I really think there is loveliness in a pig when surrounded by its offspring. I have seen them once or twice, and I think the little pigs—the—the—"

"Bonuvs," says Mona, mildly, going back naturally to the Irish term for those interesting babies.

"Eh?" says Lady Lillias.

"Bonuvs," repeats Mona, a little louder.

"Oh, is that their name?—a pretty one, too—if—er—somewhat difficult," says Lady Lillias, courteously. "Well, as I was saying, in spite of their tails they really are quite pretty." * * *

"You must come again very soon to see me," says she to Mona, and then goes with her all along the halls and passages, and actually stands upon the door-steps until they drive away. And Mona kisses hands gayly to her as they turn the corner of the avenue, and then tells Geoffrey that she thinks he has been very hard on Lady Lillias, because, though she is plainly quite mad, poor thing, there is certainly nothing to be disliked about her."

We have given room to this lengthy extract for the reason that it seemed to afford as good an illustration as can perhaps be found of what is meant by the not very intelligible term *Æsthete*; since it is as a leader or chief apostle in this modern English movement that Mr. Oscar Wilde, to whose poems it is pro-

posed to introduce the reader of this article, is best known to notoriety if not to fame. These two estates may be, indeed, not unrelated to each other; at least, such may be the view taken by Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose exploits in London have attracted the attention of the caricaturist of "Punch" and made him for the time the most widely talked of person in London society. That a man could go about the streets wearing long hair and unheard-of garments and bearing lilies in his hands, and give afternoon tea-parties and astonish his guests with the fantastic novelty of his apartments and the ethereal nonsense of his conversation, all as a carefully-studied preliminary to the publication of a volume of poems, would seem at first thought surprising. But the surprise lessens when we recall the early history of Bulwer and Disraeli and other literary dandies and eccentricities, and the possibility that this young man from Dublin—whose mother is Lady Wilde, an Irish poetess, and whose father was a physician, knighted for distinguished services—may have chosen to attempt his march to fame by the Disraelian route.

This might not be the theory most worthy of acceptance were the poems themselves less worthy of consideration. Affected and strained though they often are, and lacking the exaltation that can come alone from a high and sincere poetic purpose, they are scarcely what one would expect from a hare-brain or a guy. Coming from a new and unknown writer, they are certainly remarkable. Striking in form and treatment, and polished in workmanship, while they fail to move those deeper human chords inaccessible to their studied artificiality, they often surprise us with their virility and freedom, and are never, except in disconnected passages, ridiculous. There are some intense lines which are dangerously near the breakers, but these are usually rescued before their sense is wrecked. Most tastes will reject such phrases as "unvintageable sea" and "paddled with the polished throat," though the latter finds its justification, and doubtless found its suggestion, in Shakespeare's "paddling in your neck," etc. That the poems are often overweighted and turgid in their straining for effect is no more than could be expected of so affected a person. And that they are altogether lacking in humor is still more needless to state, since

it is precisely the lack of this quality in an *Æsthete* that can alone prevent him from perceiving his own ridiculousness.

The poems are sixty in number, ranging from sonnets—of which there is a considerable number—to “*Charmides*,” comprising forty pages, the longest piece in the collection. This poem especially illustrates the author’s fondness for Greek themes and treatment—a fondness which is the dominant spirit of the book, and in which he almost surpasses Swinburne. Suggestive, too, of Swinburne, and of a gross “fleshy” rather than æsthetic school, are many of the stanzas; others are very beautiful, and most are full of power. It is worth while to make a short quotation to show at least the form of the stanza, and perhaps something of the spirit of the piece:

“In melancholy moonless Acheron,
Far from the goodly earth and joyous day,
Where no spring ever buds, nor ripening sun
Weighs down the apple trees, nor flowery May
Chequers with chestnut blooms the grassy floor,
Where thrushes never sing, and piping linnets mate no more,
There by a dim and dark Lethæan well
Young *Charmides* was lying; wearily
He plucked the blossoms from the asphodel,
And with its little rifled treasury
Strewed the dull waters of the dusky stream,
And watched the white stars founder, and the land was like
a dream.”

A number of pieces are on England. Of these, one of the most spirited and genuinely poetic is “*Ave Imperatrix*,” of which we quote a portion only:

“For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

“For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

“And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

“Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

“And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won;
O Cromwell’s England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

“Gol crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head;
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.”

Of the sonnets, the following will serve as a fair sample. It is interesting, too, to know the effect produced by our degenerate times upon the lofty soul of an *Æsthete*—an indi-

vidual described as one “who pretends to derive the same moral satisfaction from a certain pattern or color in china that other people do from the contemplation of an heroic or virtuous action; who declines to have his hair cut by a barber because it is ‘part of himself’; with whom an ill-assorted marriage does not mean incompatibility of temper, but of complexion, and who orders a restaurant waiter to bring him, not roast beef and potatoes, but the all-satisfying lily.”

“This mighty empire hath but feet of clay:
Of all its ancient chivalry and might
Our little island is forsaken quite:
Some enemy hath stolen its crown of bay,
And from its hills that voice hath passed away
Which spake of Freedom: oh, come out of it,
Come out of it, my Soul; thou art not fit
For this vile traffic-house, where day by day
Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
Against an heritage of centuries.
It mares my calm: wherefore in dreams of Art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God, nor for his enemies.”

Of the simpler pieces, the little one called “*Requiescat*” should have a place here:

“Tread lightly! She is near
Under the snow;
Speak gently! She can hear
The daisies grow.

“All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust;
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

“Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

“Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast;
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

“Peace! peace! She cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet.
All my life’s buried here,
Heap earth upon it.”

One more selection—the last which we shall make, although the book is peculiarly quotable—will show the author’s fondness for alliteration, as well as his remarkable power of melody:

“Sweet, I blame you not, for mine the fault was; had I not
been made of common clay
I had climbed the higher heights unclimbed yet, seen the
fuller air, the larger day.

“From the wildness of my wasted passion I had struck a
better, clearer song,
Lit some lighter light of freer freedom, battled with some
Hydra-headed wrong.

“I had sat within that marble circle where the oldest bard is
as the young,
And the pipe is ever dropping honey, and the lyre’s strings
are ever strang.

“And the mighty nations would have crowned me, who am
crownless now and without name,
And some orient dawn had found me kneeling on the thresh-
old of the House of Fame.

"And at springtide, when the apple-blossoms brush the burnished bosom of the dove,
Two young lovers lying in an orchard would have read the story of our love.

"Would have read the legend of my passion, known the bitter secret of my heart,
Kissed as we have kissed, but never parted as we two are fated now to part.

"Yet I am not sorry that I loved you—ah! what else had I, a boy, to do?
For the hungry teeth of time devour, and the silent-footed years pursue.

"Rudderless, we drift athwart a tempest, and when once the storm of youth is past,
Without lyre, without lute or chorus, Death, a silent pilot, comes at last.

"I have made my choice, have lived my poems, and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better than the poet's crown of bays."

We think that after these extracts most readers of poetic taste will agree that there is something in this young man from Dublin not discovered by the caricaturist of "Punch"; and that if we are to have more of this *Æsthete's* philosophy it is desirable by all means to have it in the form of his poetry.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

THE crop of "Summer novels"—those jaunty and unexact books which are expected to appeal not in vain to the rather debilitated fancies of summer travellers—is this year so full as to suggest an undiminished number of fatigued or idle or sentimental journeyers and sojourners in the land. Of these books, Mr. Howells's latest completed story, "A Fearful Responsibility" (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is entitled to priority of mention chiefly by virtue of its authorship. For it requires a quite distinct effort of our admiration for Mr. Howells's fine literary workmanship to overcome a certain feeling of disappointment with it; and even then there is left a sense of thinness and insubstantiality. The work is perhaps the best example yet offered of its author's singular combination of literary timidity and courage: a timidity, which may better deserve the name of prudence, in attempting anything beyond the simplest situations and merest outlines of plot, and a self-reliant courage in the selection of material that would be quite barren of results in the hands of most writers. The most active if not the most important character of the story is Professor Elmore, who goes to Venice to write its history—a work projected by so many Americans, we are slyly told, that it "may now fairly be regarded as a national enterprise." Mrs. Elmore, his wife, is one of the author's best female characterizations; and the domestic dialogues and situations between these two are like a delightful reminiscence of "Their Wedding Journey." The ardent and scholarly professor quickly settles down to his history-writing in Venice, and Mrs. Elmore to taking care of him; but to this peaceful life presently comes the responsibility of

taking charge of a young American girl who is sent over to them by her friends and theirs—a responsibility which is accepted eagerly by Mrs. Elmore and rather fearfully by the dreamy and pre-occupied professor. His apprehensions are speedily justified; for a flirtation between the girl and an Austrian officer, commenced on the train before her arrival, takes such shape that Elmore is compelled to interfere, and, once aroused, he settles the affair in a very summary and definite way. His peremptoriness is a matter of no little pique to his wife, who would much prefer to dally with the incipient and promising romance; but she concurs fairly enough in his action, as does the young lady most interested. Elmore goes back to his books with a consciousness of having done his duty, and glad to have the disagreeable matter disposed of. His subsequent blunderings in some minor things affecting the young lady's interests give him, however, a vague disquiet concerning his previous management—a disquiet which his wife's sympathetic condolence only increases; and years afterward, when they are all in America again, and Lily remains unmarried, while Elmore has "recognized with a pang that the first youth at least had gone out of her voice and eyes," he reflects how much more than he had supposed there might have been in that affair with the Austrian captain, and realizes fully the "fearful responsibility" he took upon himself on that occasion. Lily herself never blames him, and in due time she marries a clergyman and takes "particular interest in his parochial work;" yet Elmore is never altogether free from his vague and haunting remorse. This thread of incident seems slender enough, certainly, to weave a story of; and it is no slight triumph of Mr. Howells's art that from it he has constructed one so good. Readers who seek in this later work those light touches of wit and gleams of humor which are so largely the charm of its author's writings, will not be disappointed. There is a bit of pathos in the scene between Lily and young Anderson, before his departure for India; and there is something very ludicrous in the professor's innocent appropriation of the flowers and turtle intended as a lover's gift to Lily, and in his wife's efforts to soothe his grief and contrition over his blunder, after telling him that she would rather despise his heart than his head. Some well-wrought glimpses of Venetian scenes and life furnish a very agreeable background to the story; and on these, as was to be expected, the artist has bestowed a loving care. The work is, like most of Mr. Howells's productions, a story in water-colors; only this time the colors seem to have rather less than their usual body.

THOSE blest mortals—so dear to the heart of every novel publisher, because so numerous and so insatiate—who can skim through a story as railway travellers do through a country, caring only for its most obvious features, and so little burdened with analytic or inquiring minds as to have no thought of seeking an explanation of what is seen or read, will find a very good and satisfying love story in "The Georgians," of Osgood's "Round-Robin" novels. The story is well planned, introducing characters which are

well-delineated and interesting, and proceeding step by step in an orderly and agreeable procession of varying incidents and situations, to a definite and not hap-hazard ending. That this ending is not a happy one for the two characters most concerned is not likely to disturb seriously the happiness of the class of readers we have named, who are quite willing that people in fiction shall be damned for their amusement without troubling themselves with the justice or injustice of it. Another class of readers, whose habit is to concern themselves with the "moral" of a story, will find in the Georgians an attempt to work out a somewhat puzzling but not unfamiliar problem—the same, indeed, that is worked out so cleanly though so harrowingly in "Jane Eyre." The results in the two cases are substantially alike, though reached by quite different methods. The lesson of both is the transcending obligation of good men and women to follow unwaveringly the path of honor and duty; and in the more recent novel, the dangers which attend even the slightest deviation from it—dangers which are formidable in proportion to the moral sensibility of those who encounter them. The crime committed by a man who avows his love for a woman whose happiness has been wrecked by the brutality of her husband, who for five years has been confined in an insane asylum to which his own shameful excesses had consigned him, and of a woman in returning such avowal in a moment of weakness and under the influence of strong emotion, followed by a voluntary and total separation between them, is not one to cast a stain upon any common character. But Marcus Laurens is a man of most uncommon purity and integrity; and Felicia, though she has never premeditated a wrong, feels a dread lest she may have lost forever some shade of the perfect confidence and respect of this "unfeignedly virtuous, God-fearing man." This dread and remorse are her lasting punishment; and when news comes from France that her husband is dead, she thinks: "A little longer and I should have been free; honor maintained one brief half-year longer, and I could have chosen my love, had I willed, before the eyes of all men. * * I am unworthy of his love and honor." Her lover is loyal and honorable, and returns to her when he learns she is free; but not all his tenderness and fidelity can quiet her uneasy conscience. "You feel that you are a gentleman," she says to him bitterly; "that you must be loyal, that you must be delicate; but has not all the charm gone for you, all the strong attraction that you could not resist? * * It was the height of my folly, to say no more, to lay bare my heart to you at a time when it was sinful in me to crave your love. I shall be punished for it forever." She is not mistaken in her woman's instincts. The two are married, and go abroad; but their life is a joyless one. An acquaintance describes their marriage as "a failure." "If I didn't know," he explains, "that there was no one who could have compelled them, I should say they had been forced to marry: I should fancy that they hated the bondage imposed on them, and in it expiated some fatal crime or error. They certainly never will be, either of them, what they

might have been." The peace which Jane Eyre found through the stern and difficult path of duty and self-abnegation had been lost to them forever through their own transgression. The magnitude of this, and of its consequences, may seem exaggerated to many readers; but few will deny the value of the lesson which we have outlined, or the power and effectiveness with which it is expounded in "The Georgians."

MR. CABLE'S story of "Madame Delphine" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a lesser effort than his "Grandissimes," though having many of the characteristics of the former work. There are fewer characters, the situations are less complex, and the climax is more quickly reached. The story is, like "The Grandissimes," a study of the social results of slavery, which Mr. Cable seems to have chosen for his special field. The plot is slight though well elaborated, and centres upon a quadroon mother's denial of her own child in order that the latter, who is seven parts white, may be legally married to a white man—the laws of Louisiana at that time prohibiting the intermarriage of races. The falsehood is successfully sustained, the daughter being in appearance a pure Caucasian; and the mother, whose sacrifice and suffering have cost her heavily, expires dramatically in the arms of the good priest Père Jerome, to whom the unhappy woman has just confessed her deception. The story has intensity and dramatic force, with a certain element of suppressed emotion pervading it, as though the author had thought and felt upon his subject more profoundly than he writes. Of Mr. Cable's Creole characterizations and patois we must say that they appear very ingenious and novel, and furnish, at least to Northern readers, no small part of the charm of his stories. We believe it is a fact, however, that they are repudiated by the most cultivated Creoles of Louisiana, who pronounce his Creole characters unreal and spurious, and his Creole dialect nothing but a fanciful jargon of negro broken English. But this, it seems to us, is a question purely for experts, in which the opinion of Yankees and other outsiders can have no value.

MR. CONWAY'S work on Carlyle (Harper & Brothers) is of a character anticipated by readers of his magazine article, which contained the germ of his present writing. As an admirer and defender of Carlyle, he is at once discreet and jealous. The Carlyle whom he presents is, he tells us, a man whom he "can by no means identify with any image that can be built up out of his 'Reminiscences.'" He "cannot admit that the outcries of a broken heart should be accepted as the man's true voice, or that measurements of men and memories as seen through burning tears should be recorded as characteristic of his heart or judgment." Nevertheless Mr. Conway's book does singularly confirm one phase of the impression produced by those unfortunate "Reminiscences." Emerson has somewhere said that truth is so many-sided that it is difficult to state strongly one side of a truth without doing violence to some other side. Carlyle had preeminently that illogically logical constitution of

mind which made him indifferent or hostile to any other view of a subject than that which for the moment attracted him. Thus, though he could see clearly and feel intensely and state powerfully his particular view, his conclusions as a whole lacked perspective and harmony. His live imagination and acute impressionability seized instantly the most salient features of a character or a subject, and from these constructed a distorted but wonderfully vivid portraiture or theory, quite real to him, but resembling the original in perhaps but a single feature, and that exaggerated almost beyond recognition. The worst thing that could happen for the reputation of Carlyle would be to judge him, after reading his "Reminiscences," as he judged others. With all that may be said in explanation and extenuation of these "outcries of a broken heart," which Mr. Conway is correct in saying ought never to have been published, this book has abundant illustration of the tangential quality of Carlyle's mind. He was always ready to say the thing that first came into his head, colored with his own momentary feeling of elation or depression; and it is clearly to this propensity, in an aggravated and disordered state, that the violent utterances of the "Reminiscences" are due. Mr. Conway's personal intercourse with Carlyle was long-continued and intimate, and he has given evidently a faithful and trustworthy delineation of the man as he appeared to him. Many years ago, he says, he "realized that his notes contained matter that might some day be useful in forming a just estimate and judgment of one whose expressions were often unwelcome. * * I do not in the least modify, nor shall I set forth these things in such order and relation as to illustrate any theory of my own. He who spoke his mind through life, must so speak on though he be dead." The book is rich in anecdote and in conversation, especially that relating to Carlyle's early life. Its most interesting part is the correspondence, containing extracts from letters written by Carlyle to two intimate college friends between the years 1814 and 1824, when Carlyle was a young tutor. These letters were loaned to Mr. Conway in 1838, and he was so impressed by them that he "made copious extracts, sitting up the best parts of a couple of nights for this purpose." These extracts he was allowed to retain, on the distinct understanding that not a line of them should be permitted to get into print during their author's life. Hence they appear now for the first time. The letters are thoroughly characteristic, and reveal clearly the germs of Carlyle's subsequent character. There are also letters to Leigh Hunt and several other persons, and a most interesting one written by Emerson in 1833, just after his first visit to Carlyle. Mr. Conway's book thus contains, besides his own biographical and descriptive work, many rich literary treasures.

MR. WILL CARLETON'S "Farm Festivals" is the third volume of the series begun by "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends," and is issued in the handsome style by which Harper & Brothers have attested their appreciation of at least the commer-

cial value of Mr. Carleton's poetry. There is a fitness in this showy dress for these poems, whose attractions, it must be confessed, are rather of an ostentatious kind. That they possess merit of a certain sort should not be denied. They have a homely and easily appreciable humor, and a rustic flavor which suggests a pleasing freshness and originality. They are not unlike an old-fashioned flower-garden, in which the old familiar flowers please us, not because we really prefer them to more delicate and fragrant blooms, but because of their associations and suggestions. We could wish, in Mr. Carleton's case, that his posy-garden were more closely weeded, — but all tastes might not agree in this, as what some would call a weed others might call a flower. Mr. Carleton writes for a very large and well-pleased constituency, to whom he affords a good deal of innocent satisfaction; and it would be an ungracious as well as useless task to seek to diminish or qualify their admiration for his poems. The illustrations in the present volume are rather unequal in merit, though most are effective.

IN his two small volumes of selections from the poems of Wordsworth and Byron, published by Macmillan & Co. in their "Golden Treasury" series, Mr. Matthew Arnold has very fairly enforced his theory that the excellence of both those poets is much better shown by a portion of their work than by the mass of it. Remarkable alike for the amount of their productions and for its unevenness of quality, no two poets of the century furnish so good material for such an experiment, and no others could derive the same advantage from it. Though restricted in range, the poems selected represent their writers at their best, and to many readers will possess a new impressiveness from the setting which Mr. Arnold has given them. Those who have found themselves repelled by the puerility and dreariness of Wordsworth and the hysterics and doggerel of Byron, and thus prevented from enjoying the real beauties of the two greatest English poets of our century, will owe a special debt to Mr. Arnold. The introductions which preface the two volumes are in his finest vein, and, though condensed in form, are equal to volumes of ordinary criticism.

APPLETON'S "Early Christian Literature Primers," edited by Prof. Fisher, give promise of being a valuable series of hand-books. The first volume of the series is devoted to "The Apostolic Fathers and the Apologists of the Second Century"; and the second, prepared by the Rev. George A. Jackson, is on "The Fathers of the Third Century." The important period and its leading Christian writers are sketched with brevity and skill, and the extracts are well chosen to show what were the theology, ethics, and philosophy of those Greek and Latin fathers. The two remaining volumes of the series will contain "The Post-Nicene Greek Fathers" and "The Post-Nicene Latin Fathers."

MISS NORA PERRY, author of some good work in both prose and verse, has collected ten of her best short stories into a "Book of Love Stories," just issued by J. R. Osgood & Co. Their titles are "Dol-

ly," "Christine," "After Five Years," "An Heiress," "Laura and her Hero," "Dick Halliday's Wife," "Mr. and Mrs. Meyer," "The Charmer Charmed," "John Ecclestons's Thanksgiving," "Margaret Freyer's Heart." The stories are of a light and sentimental order, and may be read and enjoyed by those fond of such literature, without danger of any great mental strain in the process.

MARION HARLAND's "Handicapped" (Charles Scribner's Sons) contains in a single volume a number of tales published separately several years ago, and which the author describes as "cartoons from life." Most of them pertain to the subject of unhappy marriages; and teach the lesson of patience and endurance under matrimonial infelicities. The precepts are good, but leave room for the wish that the causes of such evil had been more fully treated and its cure proposed by some more just and rational method than patient endurance and concession on one side only.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

MRS. BURNETT is at work on a new novel of Washington life.

A new novel by E. P. Roe will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. immediately.

"PATTY'S PERVERSITIES" is the title of the fourth "Round-Robin" novel, just issued.

A NOVEL dealing with cadet life at West Point, called "Mildred's Cadet," written by Alice King Hamilton, the wife of a U. S. army officer, has just been issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A TRANSLATION of Gustave Droz's "Monsieur, Madame, and the Baby," described as a Frenchman's treatment of the theme which forms the humorous basis of "Helen's Babies," is issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

J. R. OSGOOD & Co. have just published "The Peninsular Campaign of General McClellan," with four maps—the first volume in a series of short military histories of important movements in our war, issued under the general supervision of Mr. J. C. Ropes.

WE are glad to note the signs of prosperity and growth shown by the "Review of Science and Industry," published at Kansas City, Mo., by Theo. S. Case. The "Review" is well edited, and has more substantial merit than some far more pretentious periodicals.

H. A. SUMNER & Co. have just issued a new edition of "No Gentlemen," their deservedly popular summer novel; and a new work called "Pioneer Life," by Rev. J. B. Walker. They announce for early publication this fall: "Illustrations of the Bible," by H. B. Hackett, D.D.; "The Christian Life," by Peter Bayne, and some new editions of favorite juveniles.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS will publish for the holidays, Rossiter Johnson's "Phaeton Rogers," which has delighted the readers of "St. Nicholas." Mr. Stoddard has ready a sequel to his "Dab Kinzer," and Mr. Sidney Lanier will add to his "Boy's Froissart" and "Boy's King Arthur" the

"Boy's Mabinogion," containing the Welsh legends of King Arthur and his knights.

A NEW series of illustrated biographies of the great artists, in monthly volumes, is announced by Scribner & Welford. The design is to embody the results of recent critical investigations, and to make each volume a monograph of a great artist or a group of artists of one school. Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, and Van Dyck have already appeared. The volumes are sold at \$1.25 each.

LEE & SHEPARD's list of new publications includes "Bird Life in New England," a manual of New England Ornithology, revised and edited from the manuscript of Winfried A. Stearns, by Dr. Elliot Coves; "My Sister Kitty—a story of Election Day"; Bigelow's "Handbook of Punctuation"; "Insects—how to catch and how to prepare for the Cabinet," by W. P. Manton; "The American in Japan," fully illustrated; and "Our Little Ones at Home and in School," with three hundred and fifty illustrations, from original designs.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co. have just issued a new edition of Hassaurek's "Four Years in Spanish America"; "Prose Miscellanies," by Judge Horace P. Biddle, of the Indiana supreme court; and "Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. James A. Henshall. The following works are announced for early publication: "The Discovery of the Northwest in 1634 by John Nicolle," by C. W. Buterfield; "The St. Clair Papers," edited by the Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, of Chicago; "Thomas Corwin," by A. P. Russell; "Miami Woods and Other Poems," by W. D. Gallagher; and "The Shakspearean Myth," by Appleton Morgan.

THE London "Athenæum," in reviewing some recent books of fiction, speaks thus of the comparative merits of British and American novels: "Whether it be, as we have before remarked, that only the better sort of American fiction comes to this country, or from some other cause, we know not, but it is certain the ordinary novels that are sent to us by United States publishers are executed in a better fashion than their equivalents here. It may be that, the total number being less, it is more easy to be original without being eccentric, and so there are fewer abnormal types and less cheap cynicism in the tales that cross the Atlantic than our own lady novelists have accustomed us to look for."

HARPER & BROTHERS' announcements include "The New Testament in the Original Greek," the text revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon of Peterborough, and F. J. A. Hort, D.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; with an Introduction by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., President of the American Bible Revision Committee; also "Harper's Greek-English New Testament," being Westcott & Hort's "Revised Text of the New Testament in the Original Greek" and the "Revised English Version of the New Testament" printed on opposite pages. They also issue "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus," by James Otis; and Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors," in Mr. Rolfe's series of "English Classics."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of July by Messrs. JANSSEN, McCLURE & Co., Chicago.]

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

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